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THE CITIE LETANY. 15

To the CITIE:

Was't not enough you rays'd a Warre
Against your gracious King?
And so did the whole Kingdome marre,
Who suffer for your sin.

Or that Gods Worship you pull'd downe,
And Error did advance,
That so King NOL *might weare the Crowne,*
And HARRY MARTIN *dance.*

Were not these Crimes sufficiently
Able to damne you all?
But like base Groomes, submissively
You 'fore your Slaves must fall.

May you be therefore all horn-mad,
And in the open places,
May Snap-sack Boyes your pi'd Hens tread,
And that before your faces.

——Nemo me impuné lacessit.

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Fr. O. 31—19

THE CITIE LETANY.

To the CITIE:

THE Citie Letany.

WEE have beene blinded (God he knowes)
And led away with ſpecious ſhowes,
Taking thoſe for our Friends, were Foes
Therefore, to our infinite woes.

From being Schiſmatically inclin'd
'Gainſt Biſhops, Officialls, or any of that kind,
From walking to *weſtminſter* to put the Sophies in mind,
Libera nos.

From driving the King away from *whites-hall*,
From ſending our ſervants for Juſtice to call,
As when great *Strafford* we cauſed to fall,
Libera nos.

From perſecuting our Soveraigne with Fire and Sword,
From murthering Biſhops, and ſuch Acts abhor'd,
From Grand Committees, and their Counſell boord,
Libera nos.

From fighting a Battell at *Edge-hill* againe,
Where many Reverend Cuckolds were ſlaine,
From hunting after the King in vaine,
Libera nos.

From being beaten and ſtript to the skin,
The caſe that we once in *Cornwall* were in,
Which we confeſſe was a ſcourge for our ſin,
Libera nos.

From pulling down Crosses, and pictures of Men,
From reading Books of Common-Prayer again,
From entring a Con-ven-ticle, and then—

Libera nos.

The *Lyurnall*, and the witty walking *Occurrances*.

From being nooſed by the *Weſtminſterians*,
From giving credit to our wiſe Pamphleterians,
From being this day *Independents*, & the next *Presbyterians*,

Libera nos.

* Informers.

From being Reformed out of our Lands,
And being wounded by * invisible hands,
From that Religion on blood which ſtands,

Libera nos.

* The late Adjutators, five whereof were taken away, and five hundred left behind.

From eating our God, and killing our KING,
The damnable Ditti the Jeſuits ſing,
Though *Peters* and *Dell* believe no ſuch thing,

Libera nos.

From *Rainsborough*, and his Levelling * Crew,
That hate the old way, yet can't find a new,
From *Hewſons* Boyes that our bags would view,

Libera nos.

* As the Parl. did the Citizens at the firſt, uſing them onely as men uſe Poſt-Horſes, tyre them out, and then leave them to recover; and now they have made the moſt of thoſe Trayterous fooles, they leave them to the mercy of a mercileſſe Army.

From Parliament-men that will drink on the ſcore,
From *Mildmay* and his painted Whore,
From begging our owne at the Parliament dore,

Libera nos.

From being * drawne in, and then left in the lurch,
When we are rob'd of our freedom, our K. & our Church,
From the Divell i'th' Temple, and God in the Porch,

Libera nos.

From a parti-colour'd Synod, that for foure ſhillings a-day,
Will as their Pay-maſters bids them ſay,
And their Mother the Church of *England* betray,

Libera nos.

From

From an heard of Hinch-boyes, or an *Independant* Prieſt,
Such as *Symſon*, *Peters*, *Dell*, and the reſt,
Knoles, *Saltmarſh*, *Goodwin*, and the boyes moſt bleſt,
Libera nos.

From the Councell of Warre that intend to ſcoure us,
From the hugy Army that ſo over-pow'r us,
From the Men at *Weſtminſter* that intend to devour us,
Libera nos.

From *John* of *London*, that * Sheare-man of *Reading*,
Who for his fam'd Pamphlets is worthy the heading,
From his gain-ſaying, and *Overton's* bidding,
Libera nos,

But ſeeing we are like to loſe all we have,
And nothing but our ſinnes to ſave,
'Tis therefore time that now we crave, *Libera nos.*

* *John Lilburn*, who was in his minoritie an Apprentice to a Cloth-worker in *Reading*, and now by his Factious undertakings is become as famous as *Jack Cade*.

The Citizens having found their Error, and how groſſely they have beene abuſed by this pretended Parliament, returne to their firſt principles:
(And ſay)

THat it may pleaſe thee, we once more
May have the Trading we had before,
And to that end our King reſtore,
Queſumus te.

That it may pleaſe thee, to Aſſent,
Our everlaſting Parliament
May with fore-paſt * miſchiefes be content,
Queſumus te.

That it may pleaſe thee, to diſperſe
Them all about the Univerſe,
With their fellow Jewes for to converſe,
Queſumus te.

* Which would they but were a great happineſſe, ſince then were in ſome hope to recover our ſelves: but for ought I ſee, diſpairing of their owne ſafetie they are reſolved to bury themſelves in the ruine of this Nation.

That it may pleaſe thee, in any wiſe
To rid us of the damn'd Exciſe,
Free Quarter, or any ſuch *Dutch* devlce,

Queſumus te.

That it may pleaſe thee, back to call
Our Epiſtles, and our Goſpels all,
And give our Government Epiſcopall,

Queſumus te.

That it may pleaſe thee, by thy power Divine,
To confound thoſe Traytors, who had a deſigne
The Engliſh Monarchy to undermine,

Queſumus te.

And for that purpoſe, to ſend to Hell
The two vile Traytors, *Peters* and *Dell*,
With *Faux* and *Catesby* for to dwell,

Queſumus te.

That it may pleaſe thee, to ſeat thine owne
Anointed once more on His Throne,
And confound baſe Rebells every one,

Queſumus te.

That it may pleaſe thee, to Illuminate
The peoples eyes to ſee their ſtate,
And to right themſelves e're it be * too late,

Queſumus te.

That it may pleaſe thee, it may be ſeene
How greatly we have deluded beene,
What wrongs hath beene offer'd to King and Queene,

Queſumus te.

That it may pleaſe thee, to ring out the knell,
And to ſilence the Parliaments paſſing-bell,
For 'tis time they went now to *Gehenna* to dwell,

Queſumus te.

That

That it may pleaſe thee, to make knowne the ſilly
Undertakings of (the State-Quack) *William Lilly*,
With the tricks of *Sybalis*, and his *Shoe-lane* Filly,
Queſumus te.

That it may pleaſe thee, K. *Noll*, and his * Son, * Ireton.
May into ſo many Errors run,
That their heads may fall off when our troubles are done,
Queſumus te.

That it may pleaſe thee, to give *Hammon* an heart
To play a Loyall Subjects part,
To guard his King from thoſe would him ſubvert,
Queſumus te.

That it may pleaſe thee, to lay ope to view
The Serpentine windings of the Trayterous Crew,
Who have meerly deluded us with a faire ſhew,
Queſumus te.

That it may pleaſe thee, to ſtop the Coine
Which from the poore they doe purloine,
From paſſing over the Salt brine,
Queſumus te.

That it may pleaſe thee, their Ship to crack,
When as they plow on Neptunes back,
And let themſelves behold their owne wrack,
Queſumus te.

That it may pleaſe thee, thoſe that land
On the *Dutch* ſhore, or *Virginia's* ſtrand,
May be rob'd and ſlaine by ſome Salvadge hand,
Queſumus te.

That it may pleaſe thee, to ſend with them
Our *Eſſexian* Parliament, Club-men,
With our Citie-Sectaries, and Tub-men,
Queſumus te.

That

That it may pleaſe thee, ſend alſo away
Cornelius Burges, who tother day
Gave thankes in *Paules* that his wife ſcap't a fray,

Queſumus te.

That it may pleaſe thee, to reſtore
Thoſe noble Gentlemen, that heretofore
Have fought (for their King) to the knees in gore,

Queſumus te.

That it may pleaſe thee, the King may returne
While the Trump doth ſound, and the Faggots burne,
While true Subjects rejoyce and falſe Rebels do mourne,

Queſumus te.

That it may pleaſe thee, his Queene and Son
May behold him glorious, as once they have done,
Before theſe curſed Times begun;

Queſumus te.

That it may pleaſe thee, thoſe that ſay,
They will not have our *Charles* to ſway,
Like *Dighton* may rot, piece-meale away,

Queſumus te.

That it may pleaſe thee, for the time that wee
Have taſted dire adverſitie,
We may have true Tranquillitie,

Queſumus.

That it may pleaſe thee, give us hearts to ſee
How much we have ſmarted, and how worthily,
For diſobeying our King and thee,

Queſumus.

That for the future, we yeelding God his owne,
And giving *Cæſar* what in his Word is ſhowne,
Warres, dire Calamities, may no more be knowne;
So ſhall we ſing this Song each one,

Benedicamus Domine.

FINIS.

At a Chriſtning, where the women trove ſo far for the precedency, that in the end they went to cuffs, *Cornelius* his wife being the chiefe ſtickler, was ſorely beaten.